

# THE AUTHOR'S APOLO

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THE AVANTAGE OF A POLY

polyester fabric is that it is very strong and durable.

It is also very light and easy to care for.

The polyester fabric is made from a blend of polyesters and

other fibers such as cotton and rayon. This makes it very soft and comfortable to wear.

The polyester fabric is also very strong and durable.

The polyester fabric is also very light and easy to care for.

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The Loves of

H E R O  
AND  
L E A N D E R :

A mock Poem:

W I T H

Marginall Notes, and other choice Pieces  
O F

D R O L L E R Y.

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers  
witty Gentlemen, and Ladies, that use to  
walke in the *New Exchange*, and at their re-  
creations in *Hide-Park*.

---

*Ut Nectar Ingenium.*

---

Printed at London, 1653.



(4)  
The famous Greek and Aſian story,  
Of honour'd Male and Female glory.  
Know all, I value this rich Gem,  
With any piece of C. J. M.  
Nay more then ſo, I'ld goe no leſte,  
Then any ſcript of friends, J. S.

This was  
the Au-  
thors Pro-  
logue.

Of young Leander, and of Hero,  
I now begin; Dum spiro, spero.



LEANDER being fresh and gay, His heire  
As is the leek or green poppy ; was not  
Upon a morn both clear and powdred,  
bright,  
When Phabn rose, and had  
bedight  
Himſelfe with all his Golden rayes ;  
And pretty birds did perch on ſpryces :

A 3

When

When Marigolds did spread their leaves,  
 And men begin to button sleeves : )  
 Then young Leander all forlorn,  
 As from the Oke drops the acorn ;  
 So from his weary bed he slipt,  
 Or like a School-boy newly whipt ;  
 But with a look as blithe to see,  
 As cherry ripe on top of tree :  
 So, forth he goes and makes no stand,  
 With Crabtree Cudgle in his hand.  
 He had not gone a mile or two,  
 But gravel got into his shooe,  
 He set him down upon a bank,  
 To dry his foot, and rest his shank,  
 And so with finger put in shooe,  
 He pul'd out dirt and gravel too.  
 This was about the wast of day :  
 The middle, as the vulgar say.

*Note here  
every thing  
is the worse  
for mea-  
ring.*

*All men  
cannot be  
Schollars.*

Fair Hero, walking with her Maid,  
 To doe the thing cannot be staid,  
 Spi'd young Leander lying so,  
 With pretty finger picking toe.  
 She thought it strange to see a man  
 In privy walk, and then anon,

She kept behind a Pop'ring tree,  
And listned for some Novelty  
Leander having clear'd his throat,  
Began to sing this pleasant note.

*Ob, would I had my Love in bed,*  
*Though she were ne're so fell;*  
*I'de fright her with my Adders head,*  
*Untill I made her swell.*

*Ob Hero, Hero, pity me,*  
*With a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo dee.*

Fair Hero 'gan to smile at this,  
Leander rais'd 'gainst tree to piss,  
\* He plucks me freight his Drabler out,  
And with his arms claspt tree about :  
O thus, quoth he, O thus,—I coo'd,  
Bobbing Rogero 'gainst the wood.

His Blind-worm Hero fair did see,  
His Curral head did lean 'gainst tree :  
Which sight did make her sigh and sob,  
To see how he 'gainst tree did bob :  
She never lov'd him till that hour,  
And him she will invite to Towre.

A 4

\* As any  
man in love  
may doe.

+ It may  
be called  
Curral, in  
respect of  
rubbing of  
Gums.

She

She sat her down to ease her joynt,  
 The springal he unties his points.  
 Faire Herce noted him awhile,  
 And prettily began to smile,  
 To see a comely youth and tall,  
 Could not hold that which needs must fall.

Now Herce faire had spi'd a vapour,  
 And sends her maid with piece of paper,  
 But he before the Maid did come,

\* As it may be Reader thy self hast done.  
 \* Had sav'd that labour with his thumb : )  
 The Maid with blush turn'd back againe,  
 Seeing her labour was in vain.

Leander having done his taske,  
 And made an end ore hedge nine Laske,  
 He turn'd about, and made no bones,  
 \* But with stick rak't for Cherry stones,  
 So as he stooped, he spi'd coming,  
 A gentle Nymph, whose pace was running.

He could not tell what to suppose,  
 \* But put up Shirt into his Hose.  
 Leander stright did follow Maid,  
 Untill he came where Herce laid.

Her cheek on hand, her arme on Rump,  
 Her leg on grasse, on mole-hill rump :

He with a gentle modest gate,  
 Plucking his Cap from off his Pace,  
 He thus bespake her, Lovely Peat,  
 Behold, with running how I sweat !  
 Ob, would I were that hamelesse Rump,  
 Wheron thou lean'ſt, with that a thump  
 Brake from the intrails of his hole,

*Heroe* was fearfull, dreading foes,  
 Seeing a Canon 'gainſt her bent,  
 That seem'd to level at his tent :  
*Leander* having felt the ſcape,  
 And ſpi'd the Maid to laugh and gape :  
 He then began to ſmell a Rat,  
 And ſtole his hand down under's Hat.  
*Heroe* did note his Roger good,  
 And how couragiouſly it stood :  
 At length ſhe asked him his name,  
 And wherefore that he thither came:  
 Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abidos*,  
 + This is my walke wednesdays and Fridayes,  
 I love to ſee the Squirrels play,  
 With bow and bolt I them doe fray.  
 My name is young *Leander* call'd,  
 My Father's rich, and yet hee's bald :

+ True lo-  
vers walk  
on Fib-  
dayes.

Enough

Enough quoth Hero, say no more,  
 Mum-budg, quoth he, 'twas known of yore.  
 Now Heroes love began to curdle,  
 She wisht his head under her girdle,  
 If so she had, I make no doubt,  
 But it would dash its own brains out ;  
 And yet the *State* be nere the worse.  
 I may compare the head to purse  
 Whose mouth is fastened to a string,  
 And if the knot she chance to wring,  
 The money white will issue out :

*As one  
would say,*  
*Vide.*  
*with*

He shoots most wide that hits the clout.

Now Heroes love could not be hid.

Come hither, love, 'tis I that bid.

Feare not, my love, to taste my lip,  
 Imagine me to be thy Ship :

Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,

And in my Poop fear not to stand :

Stand to thy tackle on the hatches,

My Gunner-room is free from matches :

Pull up my Sail to thy Main yard,

My compass use thou, and my Card :

Lay thou my anchor where thou please,

In broad, or in the narrow Seas ;

And

And though the foaming Ocean fret,  
 Thy anchor's safe, though it be wet.  
 Quoth she, close by fair Scissos stream,  
 (With that within her throat rose fleame)  
 Neer to that place there stands a Cloyster,  
 (Poor soul she coughs and voids an Oyster)  
**L**eander stole his foot upon it,  
 And treads it out with vailed Bonnet,  
 She thanks **L**eander for his pains,  
 And for another softly strains :  
 Her choler laid, she said, mark well,  
 And understand what I thee tell :  
 Come then, my love, in twile of night,  
 The time when Owl and Bats take flight :  
 In lower window I will place,  
 A Taper bright as eyes in face ;  
 Which light shall be thy load-star bright,  
 Through waves to guide thee in the night :  
 And with that word, like Ivy wound  
 About his neck, arms clasped round :  
*V*enus did nere more dote on *D*ow,  
 Whose heat in love was cold as stone,  
 Then *H*ero did on springal young ;  
 So down they fell together clung,

*Nas Dos  
Dego, the  
based a  
Spaniard.*

Upon

Upon a Primerose hill most sweet,  
 Their lips being joyn'd, their tongues did greet,  
 So high did grow the fragrant flow'rs,  
 Made fresh by youthfull April showers,  
 But when she saw them lye so close,  
 She put the flowers under her nose :  
 And so approaching to the place,

\* Where they lay panting face to face ;  
 So high did grow the herbs so sweet,  
 That cover'd them from head to feet ;  
 Her Maid then got into a tree,  
 Where plain she might these Lovers see.

Leander found the watery brook,  
 Where never fish was caught with hook,  
 Yet bobbing there had been good store,  
 \* With great red wormes, some three or four.  
 Oh, who hath seen a stricken Deer,  
 O : from his eyes in water clear,  
 A dabled Duck with dirt bemir'd,  
 So Hero lay with pleasure tir'd.

\* They are  
 called red  
 Worms, be-  
 cause they  
 creep into  
 holes.

\* A Medlar  
 by the Phi-  
 losopher, &  
 thought to  
 be an Open-  
 arse.

\* On Medlar branch the Maid doth sit,  
 - One Medlar with a meany met ;  
 Though she was there, there was to see,  
 Nothing but Medlars on the tree.

We'll

Wee'l leave the Maid upon a trotch,  
 Holding by hands, sitting on notch :  
 But the sweet sight did so intice,  
 That bough was met with her device.

And now Leander gets him up,  
 \* And clos'd the acorn and the cup.  
 His Cucko pintle he did thrust  
 Into his Oxlip which was just,  
 His Batchelors button, strait as line,  
 Made way into her Columbine.

His hooded hawk he then did bring her,  
 Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger :  
 His sprig of Time, her branch of Rue,  
 His Primerose, and her Violet blue.

Leander lusty springal youth  
 Did now retire, 'twas so in truth :  
 Who, like some youthful prodigal,  
 Must needs retire, having spent all.  
 He now returned to his friends,  
 Who him receiv'd with fingers ends.

The Maid was greedy, though but silly,  
 She thought too much went by her belly :  
 Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet sight,  
 That she did long to enter sight.

\* Whib  
cup Rea-  
der, thou  
wouldst be  
loath to  
drink in.

By

By chance a Weaver passing by,  
 Looking aside, she did him spy.  
 Then as Adonis horse did fare,  
 When he beheld the Freez-land Mare,  
 Breaking his rains ty'd to a Tree,  
 And even as like as like may be,  
 Setting the runt of horse aside ;  
 Rabbish, Her rubbish did excel in pride.  
 She looking earnest at the Weaver,  
 The Medlar-branch sooth did deceive her.  
 Quoth she, alas ! ah me, ah me !  
 What, was I born to fall from tree ?  
 Her cloaths her head did canopy,  
 She was all bare from head to knee.  
 The man accurst, whose trade was scurvy,  
 Had thought the world had bin turn'd topsy-turvy.  
 Now he did tread as if on Eggs,  
 He saw a Medlar 'twixt her leggs :  
 I know not how they there did settle,  
 But in the Weaver got his Shettle :  
 Where we will leave Tom-trumpery,  
 To talk of other company.  
 Leander having fetcht his fees,  
 And Hero having covered-knees.

Quoth

Quoth she, I know thou art no dodger,  
 Sweet, have a care of trusty Roger,  
 My Dear, quoth she, my Lover true,  
 Remember what you from me drew :  
 Remember you being full of quiblits,  
 Remov'd your Hares head from my giblits.

With that afar off she gan spy,

\* A fellow running with one eye.

He wore, because his head was bald,  
 An old hats crown which hid the scald.

His nose was crooked, long, and thin,

As sharp and long appear'd h's chin,  
 His eye brows hung upon his cheeks,

His head did grow like bed of Leeks.

His back did over-look his head,

One of his arms as door-naile dead :

His fingers wore for Liveries,

Nailes long as Cupide Quiver is :

Upon his back he wore coat blue.

His face would make a dog to spue :

His legs did goe four wayes at once,

He was all skin save some few bones.

Then Hero said, The weary hour

Is come for me to go to Towe.

\* He had  
one eye  
which did  
ever run.

Then

Then farewell Love, Leander said,  
 And strait she whistled for her Maid :  
 By this John Hedg bogg drew him nigh,  
 For that his name was not to lye.  
 His one eye in her face did peer,  
 Quoth he, who'd thought t' have found you here ?  
 Come ; to your father you must goe,  
 Leander trod upon his toe,  
 And said, with biting of his thumb,  
 That you saw me, no words but mum;  
 So puts his hand to pocket twice,  
 And gave him two Cans, or the price;  
 Leander could no longer keep her,  
 Away she goes with this hedg-creeper.  
 He now devis'd what course to take,  
 Fearing that Dough would be his Cake,  
 If it were known : So home he goes,  
 \* Passing the time in eating Slows.  
 His minde doth run on Heroes Lap,  
 At Fathers door he now doth rap :  
 Which Porter hearing turns the lock,  
 With brazill staffe, and comely Brock :  
 Where we will leave him for a while,  
 And unto Hero turn our stile.

Fair

Fair *Hero* having past the *Spong*,  
She now was come unto the *Cont* ——————  
Tinent of *Sestos*, where she dwelt :  
Her heart in passion gan to melt.  
Unto the Tower close she took,  
And with her finger did unhook  
The Casement, looking forth on stream.  
The Star-light gan on Flood to gleam :  
For now brave *Tisan* banisht was,  
Now long leg'd Spiders creep on grasses;  
When nightingales do sit and sing,  
With prick'gainst brest, and Fairies ring :  
Two hours fill'd hath been the gut :  
Men now begin to go to Rut :  
When man in Rug doth cry in night ;  
Look well to locks and fire-light :  
The time when *Thomas* with his team,  
Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream :  
When City Gates are shut, not open :  
And Dutch men cry, What all A-sopen.  
About this time fair *Hero* stood,  
Watching *Leander* in the Flood.  
She calls for Smock, and puts off soul,  
Washing her parts with Sope in Bowl.

B

<sup>t</sup> Here the  
Author  
shews him-  
self a Ling-  
guist.  
Her

Her foot she washt O pretty foot,  
 (But yet I am not come unto it )  
 Of knee she washt the comely path,  
 And now I come unto't anan:  
 Her thighes she washt with veins so blue;  
 \* Pode, or \* Her Pode likewise of sable hue :  
*loves lime-*  
*pit.* Below the bottom of her belly,  
 Did grow a Toy ; of shape most silly :  
 Though enough to make a child afear'd,  
 Two Corral lips with a black beard.  
 And us that beast that's kept for breed,  
 Lets fly her water when sh' has need,  
 Which done, her Funnel she turns out and in,  
 Which was so like, as't the same had bin :  
 Here will we leave her nak'd as nail ?  
 And to Leander turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers house he went,  
 Much like a Bird-bolt being sent,  
 From Brazil bow and trusty string,  
 With feathers of the Gray-Goose wing.  
 He tooke him to a trusty rock,  
 And stript him to the ebon nock.  
 And being naked look't like Mars,  
 With purple scab upon his A——

Th

The seam betwixt his Cod that went,  
 Seem'd like to Cupids bow unbent,  
 The Cod his quiver, where his arrows  
 Did hang, much like a nest of Sparrows.  
 But some may think this is a fable,  
 He was fring'd with hair from Nock to nav'le.

\* *Fego*, saith he, so forth he goes.

The gravel got between his toes,  
 Now fear'd he Neptune as a God,  
 Still running with his hand on Cod.  
 O who hath seen a wanton Roe,  
 Jump o're the Fearn, indeed even so  
 The lively Skip-Jack mounts and falls,  
 And still on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.

Even with that word, with speedy motion,  
 He leaps into the foaming Ocean :  
 Th' enamoured Fishes' bout him flock,  
 Some play in arm-holes, some in nock :  
*Endimions* love then shone outright ;  
 He spi'd in *Heross* Tower a light :  
 And in the window looking out,  
 A lovely face, that seem'd to pout.  
 By this fair *Hero* might discern,  
 Leander's head, but not his Stern,

B 2

That

\* *Fego* is  
a word of  
courage, as  
we cry, St.  
George.

That frisked underneath the waves :  
 And this is all that *Hero* craves,  
 To see himself within her bed,  
 Whom billowes beat now on the head.  
*Leander* now turns on his back,  
 He yerks out legs and lets arme slack :

\* *Here you* \* But then above the water floated,  
 must note, The true Loves-lump, which *Hero* noted.  
 nothing can Fair *Hero* had a goodly sight,  
 be bid from true love. That could discern so far by night.

He was much troubled with a *Shad*,  
 + *Here the* + That did pursue this lovely Lad.  
*Anibor pit.* The envious fish did so torment him,  
*tisib Le-* As had't been I, I should have shent him ;  
*ander, and* And said, thou art a scabby fish,  
*despisib* To nimble at fair *Heroes* dish.  
*the Fish.*

*Hero* did note how he was troubled :  
 The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled :  
 She looks still forth, kneeling on Mats ;  
*Fouentus* meets a Shole of Sprats,  
 They him besiege on every side,  
 Betwixt his arms and legs they glide.  
*Neptune*, the dreadfull God of Seas,  
 On whom did never stick March-Fleas.

Takin

Taking in hand his good Hele Spade,  
 Towards Leander streight he made :  
 The Shad and Shole of Sprats did flye,  
 At sight of Neptunes angry eye.  
 The God then turn'd him up-side downe,  
 And view'd his parts from heel to crown,  
 He dally'd with his elfine locks,  
 And bears him up from shelf and rocks  
 His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kiss,  
 No part of Yonker Neptune misit.  
 Now Hero of his love made doubt,  
 And wisht him there in yellow clout.  
 His thigh so white he still would fell,  
 Then he would kick with horn and heel.  
 Quoth Neptune then to buxsome Boy,  
 Nay, of my courting seem not coy.  
 Dost hear, live here my lovely Lad,  
 Ile give thee Cod, eat Dace and Shad ;  
 I am as great a God as Mammon,  
 Thou shalt have Ling, Poor John and Sammon.  
 And if thou sayest thou wilt not blab,  
 Thou shalt have Lobster Prawn and Crab,  
 tell thee I am not Curmudgeon,  
 Thou shalt have Rotchet, Whiting, Gudgeon.

\* Being le-  
 cherous  
 meat,

The fish that is by Weavers eaten,  
 That must be first with beadle beaten,  
 Of Knights heard never are more Dubbins,  
 Thou shalt have green fish and their Gubbins :  
 I'le bring thee where thou shalt see Lig ;  
 The lusty Oyster, Shrimp, and Grig :  
 Quoth he thou swimmest without force,  
 And calls a Dolphin, mount his horse .  
 And when thy mind is somewhat laid,  
 Thou shalt arrive gainst tow'r of Maid.  
 For well I know thou'rt thither going ;  
 For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing  
 I am quoth he, if thou bee <sup>at</sup> wrath,  
 Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth :  
 And so away from him he flies ;  
 \* And water stood in Neptunes eyes ;  
 But he again, quarrel to pick,  
 Said, 'bide with me ;' quoth he, ne nick.  
 With that the God, with ireful hand,  
 Cast young Leander on the sand :  
 Where we will leave him, to say sooth,  
 + Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth :  
 The Watch of *Sestos* Tow'r came down ;  
 With Bill in hand, Murton on Crown.

\*Unkind-  
ness will  
force scares  
sometimes.

+ He had  
the tooth-  
ache.

Rug.

Rug-gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,  
 By two and two this rusty band,  
 Did take their way unto the Plat,  
 Whereas *Leander* naked sat.

These Sons of night did straight him spy,  
 Who's there, quoth one ? quoth he, 'tis I ;  
 'Tis I, quoth he : is that an answer ?  
 It is, quoth he, wer't thou my Grandfire :  
 The wilest of them then did scan,  
 And said' sure Neighbours, 'tis meer man.  
 Nay said another, that's not so ;  
 For this hath nailes you see on Toe :  
 And meer man hath no feet but fins,  
 And this hath legs you see and shins.  
 Quoth one, to Sea I shall him hunt,  
 Speak if I shall, with that the Cunt ——

—— Stable thus spake, what words spake he,  
 I think, sayes one, some two or three ;  
 Go then in peace, and strike him down,  
 Then forth steps one with bill so brown,  
 A sore-ey'd Knave lapte up in rug,  
 For manners like your Western Pug.  
 His name forsooth, was cleiped *Wharton*,  
 He was ee'n born at good *Hogs-Norton* :

This Dormouse without wit or skill,  
Ran at Leander with his bill.

Leander lying on his face,  
Not his back, Dunce running his race;  
His hinder parts bore somewhat high,  
Now was he come Leander nigh :  
He lifts up bill to cleave a rock,  
Bill fled from hands, Nose struck in nock.

Leander with a start did rise,  
And breaks his nose fast by his eyes.  
\* Oh who hath seen an archer good,  
Poaching for arrow-head with wood ;  
So far'd this Clot-pole nose to find  
And grubbed till his eyes were blind :  
But all in vaine, the more he strove,  
The further in his nose he drove.  
For th'nose indeed it stuck so fast,  
He was forc't to leave it, and agast,  
Runs unto Harper plain to be  
Taere, Watchmen bired with pence three,  
Who lifting up their gogling eyes,  
They hear a voice, and thus it cries,  
My nose, my nose ; my nose and eyes.

\* This I  
commend to  
thee for a  
searching  
Simile.

And

And still tow'rd them space he hasted,  
Without his nose his face all blasted.

Away they ran for feare of foes,  
Kib'd heels to save they ran on toes.  
For baste we leave them running still,  
And to Leander turn our quill.

*Hero* was all this while in dumps,  
Now gins he to bestir his stumps.  
Wrath for to say he now did smart,  
He could not pull out nose by art.  
Well to be short for feare of Watch,  
He runs to Tow'r and pulls the latch.  
Divinest *Hero* was in bed  
The door being ope, he in doth tread :  
Yet for no ear should hear him travel ;  
From feet he wipes the stony gravel :  
So goes me on neerer and neerer,  
And with one eye did underpeer her.  
Night being warm the cloaths were off,  
Soorh 'twas enough to catch a cough :  
*Leander* thought it was no matter,  
Though teeth within his head did chatter,  
One hand he put upon her toe ;  
The other on her buggle-boe.

Quoth

Quoth he thus softly, *Hero, Hero* :  
 Away quoth she, and come no neer-oh.  
 Yet thus she said when she was waked,  
 Eye upon pride when men goe naked :  
 A glimmering taper stood by bed,  
 Which in and out did put his head :  
 And by that light she did him know,  
 Standing like image of Rye-dough.  
 The well hung youth then spake this word,  
 Quoth he, I must lay Knife a board.  
 I've swum, quoth he, through thick and thin,  
 Brine-waves have beat both neck and chin.

*Leander in her Haven cast Anchor.*

He rides secure in *Heroes* rode,  
 Now he begins to lay on load.  
 I'm come through watch and their brown bats,  
 Now *Hero* feels his twittle-cum-twats.  
 Alas poor soul she did not strive ;  
 Leander at her rump let drive.  
 He now forgot, as I suppose,  
 That in his hobler there was nose.  
 I'm come, said he, from side of shore,  
 Where lowlie beggars late of yore.

And

And now the beggar makes me sing  
The love of the Campbush King :

*Leanders tale:*

On this green bank he first did spy,  
One sunny day the beggar lye,  
Displaying to fair Phœbus fire,  
Ths Marigold of Loves desire.  
To Marigold I it compare,  
'Cause 'twas the colour of her haire.  
Which still to Titan was display'd,  
In window King stands rich array'd,  
And spies by chance the beggar lye,  
Back to the ground, face to the skie,  
Then like the snake she cast her skin,  
Whose amel'd body tumbled in  
Her mothers lap in apron green,  
And covered that, it was not seen :  
Her hair in goodly elf-lochs hung,  
All down her shoulders, and among  
The roots of it, the Dandriff white,  
Like hoared frosts shining by night.  
When Phœbe and her silver train,  
The Yard, Orion, and Charles Wain.

Look

Look down upon the Spyres of grass ;  
 So sprinkled was the head of Lass,  
 She wreath'd her body on one side,  
 Her legs a mole-hil did divide.

*\* It might  
have been  
any man's  
wife.*

\* Camphetus's mouth did water shed  
 Fancies and toyes were in his head.  
 Under her arme did Cupid lye,  
 And shot Camphetus in the eye.  
 Who closely stood in window peeping  
 Whilſt beggar poor on bank lay sleeping,  
 He took his love ere she did rise,  
 And sung this note with tears in eyes.

O King, what art thou but a bubble  
 That swims in stream so swift ;  
 Thy joy soon turns to grief and trouble,  
 Much like a Boat at drift ;  
 That sever'd is from poop of Ship,  
 That wanders in the Ocean ;  
 The beggar turn'd upon her hip.  
 Then lay still without motion.

*He takes me his Prospective Glass.*  
*My passion shall appear in print,*

*Make*

*Make ready Press good Hedger,  
Say ibus Cawpherua saw a ditt;  
And fell in love with beggar.*

Ab me poor King ! I 'm now a captive made  
To one that hath no living, land, or trade.  
What shall I say in this ? What shall I doe ;  
Shall I love her to foot hath nere a shooe ?  
I am a King, my state in State is mighty,  
Shall I love her who hath sold Aqua-vite ?  
My rich bloud boyls at this so sweet espial,  
Ev'n like a Boar, so chases my Collop Royal.  
He calls for page, and him for water sends ;  
This way and that ; he the proud Griffel bends :  
The reason why his bobber stood so stiff,  
Uncover'd lay the felly beggars cliff.

As he was standing his full view to take,  
He spy'd her stretch, and stretching gan to wake:  
Being big with Thomas, she held up one leg,  
And like the ant, on mole-hil laid her egg.  
Then did she rise with such a rude behaviour,  
That Royal nose took winding of that favour ;  
Which made him say, behold I come to win thee,  
Now I perceive that thou hast something in thee.

Down,

Down, down he goeth the beggar to behold,  
And as he went he calls for purse of gold.

### *The end of this Passion.*

The beggar now is come to gate of King,  
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and linge,  
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,  
Come, grasse and hay, quoth he, we are all mortal.  
She with a Crutch did cry, God save his grace,  
The honest King bade all forsake the place.  
Which when the Lords and all the rest were gone,  
Quoth he, speak beggar, and speak words but one.

Wilt thou forsake thy beggars life,  
And leave off wearing patches?  
Thou shalt no more wear string in knife,  
He throws, the beggar catches.  
Dear take this purse; nay be not coy;  
The simple mate doth stand,  
Quoth she, my Liege, *Pardon a moy,*  
So fell on knee and hand.  
Thou shalt, quoth he, I do not mock,  
If thou wilt take my offer,

Have

Have Stocking shoo, and Holland smock,

Eke gold to put in coffer.

Thy rooms they shall be hung with arras,

Head stuk with silver pins:

Thou shalt no more sell Rosa solis,

Nor buy the Concy-skins.

But first resolve me truly this,

Hath any tag or rag

Put Probe into thy Orifice,

Or water'd thy black nag?

No, doughty Liege, Ile tell you true,

Though poor, I have been chaff,

No man did ever here imbrue,

(Pointing beneath her waft.)

With that he took her by the hand,

Which was by Phabus parcht,

Quoth he arise, arise and stand:

To lodge of King they marcht.

Which when they came in room call'd private,

None but themselves alone,

At lowse beggar he lets drive at,

'Twas dark, her name was Forn,

Dear Liege, quoth she; away, quoth he,

So layes her down on back;

And

And with his finger he doth not linger,

\* Tack, by \* But pulls me out his tack.

reason it His Tassel gentle he did put

would bold tack. Into her homely Mew,

His Rounsfial in her Cob-nut,

In bladder were Beans blue.

He laid her head against a stoop,

She knew well his pretence :

He taught the beggar her lyripoop,

And paid her odd five pence.

He used art with both his thumbs,

Quoth she, dread Lord, no more ;

His curral tickled her tooth-gums,

Yet open stood the door :

With fingers wet in came a Lord,

Who heard a noyse in house ;

Sayes beggar now, dread Lord, no word,

But peace and catch a Mouse.

The noble spy'd him very soon,

And fell low on his knee,

He saw King in his honey-Moon,

And all to be shitten was he,

Quosh Barou bold, Campherous then,

Your Grace may have doun-pallet :

Now

Now he regards not Noble man,  
 \* But too't he goes ding-maller.  
 Her Hockly-hole Kings should abhore,  
 Being man was in that place ;  
 He puts in Glasting-uri-core  
 Before the young mans face.  
 Well, Noble man at last 'gan call,  
 Quoth King to Lord, go down's  
 And bring me here a Camphire ball,  
 I'le wash from head to crown.  
 And as you go give order freight,  
 Unto the Cook for supper ;  
 (Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight)  
 Bring brimstone and sweet butter.  
 Go get thee gone, and bring with speed  
 Those things I have appointed ,  
 Of robes bring store, truth is indeed,  
 I'le have my King annoyncted.

\* Her  
Wallet was  
laid under  
her.

Quoth Hero, What became of Tore ?  
 Sayes he, *Omnia vincit amor.*  
 He was o'recome and glad to flye,  
 To place where miffid he dothlye.

C

Leander

Leander now made end of tale,  
 Without shirt lining, or shirt male;  
 Indeed his tale was well compact,  
 For every word he made an act.  
 Her legs were ty'd in true loves knot,  
 On top of back, full well I wot:  
 Poor soul she lay like cheek of Oxe  
 Stu'd in a pot, or recking Socks.  
 The Lark now sings with chee full note,  
 And morn was come as gray as groat:  
 O day, quoth she, to love most cruel!  
 Hero had mess of water gruel,  
 Which stood by bed before provided,  
 And hand of Hero streight is guided  
 To mouth of Puny to make strong,  
 The knot of loves White-leather-thong:  
 Then up he flings, and with a start,  
 Quoth naked man, I must depart:  
 First 'twixt her pillars, truth to say,  
 Leander wrote, *Ne ultra*.  
 No sooner he from bed did jump,  
 Out flew the nose with such a thump,  
 That Heroes Father in next room,  
 Did leave his bed and in did cone.

Leander

Leander hears the Man of age,  
 Who call'd for sword unto his page ;  
 He seeing him come, with much amazement,  
 He runs and creeps out at the casement.  
 His Call when pen-cough indeed,  
 Was much in danger'd by his speed,  
 For book of window gor it fall,  
 And held him there, till all-agast,  
 Fair Hero rose and went unto him,  
 And with her finger did undo him.  
 He down does fall without a word :  
 At window struck old man with sword.  
 Who se'ing on floor there lay a nose,  
 Quoth he, I've bid him I suppose :  
 This was the time when Frysgray,  
 Did ring to Martins break of day :  
 When Poets good do wake to plot,  
 And drunkard leaves his cloak for shot ;  
 When Carriers put one shooes and hose,  
 And Maids do empty stools call'd close :  
 That was the time when Leander fell,  
 From forth of window, truth to tell.  
 He had forsook his divine Pillows,  
 To fall among the raging billows.

Blue-beard call'd Neptune, being mad  
 For the disgrace he lately had ;  
 This is the troth I need not blab ;  
 Turn'd young Leander to a Crab :  
 And made the Proverb, sure 'twas so,  
 That love must creep where 't cannot go :  
 And his dwelling was Abidos,  
 He was doom'd ever to creep side-wayes.

Poor Heroes sorrow now redoubles,  
 \* He left her in a peck of troubles :  
 A sensless man came to the Tow'r,  
 One sense he wants having but four.  
 Now smell my meaning if you can,  
 With him came Roger, Thomas, John,  
 And all the rest of Mars his crue,  
 Whose eyes were black, some gray, none blue,  
 This Sheepshead-rabble comes and knocks,  
 As they would break open all the locks.  
 Fair Heroes father in a rigor,  
 Hearing that noyse, runs down like Tygor:  
 Quoth he who's there ? what are ye drunk ?  
 And still the more they stir'd they stunk.  
 The Watch, sayes one, open the Gate,  
 The Watch, sayes he, haveing a shrewd pate.

\* The  
fourth part  
of a bushel

He

He op's the door, and standeth still,  
 And speake these words, What is your will ?  
 Our will, quoth he, what call you that ?  
 And spy'd the Nose pin'd in his hat,  
 Which when they all of them spi'd,  
 This, this is he, strike down they cri'd.  
 Then round about they him environ,  
 And up they let their rusty iron.  
 He brake away, and bade them base,  
 And after they did run space :

And ran direct, as I suppose,  
 For still the man did follow his Nose :  
 He follow'd close with his defect,  
 And still his Nose was his prospect.  
 Oh, had they catcht him them among,  
 And all their bills at him they dung.

But note the pity of the Gods  
 Extended toward these Hodmandods,  
 And first for him that lost his Nose,  
 (The truth to you I will disclose ;)  
 Because his face did seem to scowlie,  
 The Gods transform'd him to an Owl.  
 And for this was i' th dead of night  
 They doom'd him never by day-light

To shew his being is so God: Then  
 Made the first Owl of a Watchman's  
 And when he thought to cry, My Nose  
 To whiz, so bo he sweetly and up he rose,  
 And, being compelled by th' angry God;

\* A famous Surgeon in  
 his time.  
 Yet the Gods fury was noo done,  
 They were transform'd each mother's son.  
 Sayes one, Ye Gods, is it your will?  
 And speake no more, his mouth turn'd billy;  
 And cause the Owl he should not sneeze;  
 The Gods made him the first Woodcock:  
 He wears he forme of a Watchman still,  
 And will for aye, wittipple his billy.  
 One Watchman he did stay behinde,  
 And he was turn'd to buzzard blind:  
 The last was thinking how to run,  
 Saying a fair thred they have spun;  
 Because he said these words in spight,  
 He liv'd and di'd a bird of nigh:  
 His ill luck sure I maffnor smot her  
 He did watch th' nigh for another.  
 And for because his shape was ill,  
 He never flies but in the twill.

In

In memory of this mischance,  
The Record you may see in France,  
Upon each door where they must watch,  
In chalk they set on door or hatch,  
The very form of a birds foot :  
In England they come nearer to 't,  
For the three claws you plainly see,  
That is for every claw a penny.

But now to old man in a trance,  
We must proceed to his mischance ;  
And so his grief, and much misprision,  
We'll tell what hapned in his Vision.  
There came to him, as 'twere in sight,  
A lovely Lady, but ne Knight.  
The Lady, seem'd for Lover lost,  
To be on bed of Nettle lost ;  
Of Nettle ; worse ! for to the quick,  
She often had indur'd the prick  
Without complaining, and poor ape,  
To her it seem'd but as a Jape.  
As Poet witty well could say,  
A sport, a merriment, a play.  
But she poor Lady almost frantic,

An old word, but young wife is.

As

As you may see in arras antic;  
 With hair dishevel'd romes about,  
 Vowing to find *Leander* out,  
 And get him in where no base patch,  
 With painted staff, no rugged watch;  
 No nor her father with head hoary,  
 Should come to interrupt the story :  
 That is, she meant for her delight,  
*Leander* in her book should write,  
 And blame her not to rove with randing;  
 For she had lost her understanding,  
 Which standing stiffly to her, might have put,  
 \* Some comfort to have cut'd her cut.  
 But I too far digress; this fearful sight,  
 The aged father from his wits did fright,  
 Or them from him, I know not whether;  
 But sure I am they went not both together.

A mad old man he was, and lo he dy'd.  
 Fair *Hero*, like the wench that cry'd,  
 Till she was turned to a stone,  
 For her *Leander* made her moan.  
 But when she heard, poor silly drab,  
 That he was turn'd into a cab,

\* No cut  
so unkind-  
ness.

She then fell down as flat as Flownder,  
Her Floodgates ope't, and her own water drown'd

---

## THE EPITAPH.

*They both were drown'd, whilst Love  
and Ease contended ;  
And thus they both pure flesh, like pure  
fish ended.*

THE

(58)

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THE MOCK ROMANS

# THE MOCK

## ROMANS.

Dwarf,

FLY from this Forrest Squires fly trusy spark :  
I feared like Child whose Maid brabed in dark.

Squire,

O coward base, whose fear will never lin,  
Till't shrink thy heart as small as head of pine.  
Lady, with perty finged in her eyes,  
Lamentis her Lamkin Knights, and shall I fly ?  
Is this a time for blade to shift for's self,  
When Giant vile calls Knight a sneaking Elf ?  
This day (a day as fair as heart could wish)  
This Giant stood on shore of Sea to fish :  
For angling Rod, he took a sturdy Oake,  
For line a Cable, that in storm ne're broke ;

His

His hook was such as heads the end of Pole,  
 To pluck down house, e're fire consumes it whole :  
 His hook was baited with a Dragons tail,  
 And then on Rock he stood, to bob for Whale :  
 Which strait he caught, and nimbly home did pack  
 With ten cart load of dinner on his back.  
 So homeward bent, his eye too rude, and cunning,  
 Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedge a sunning.  
 That Modicum of meat he down did lay,  
 (For it was all he eat on Fassing day.)  
 They come in's rage, he spurns up huge tree roots,  
 Now stick to Lady Knight, and up with boots.

*Enter Gyant, Knight, Damsel.*

*Gyant,*  
 Bold recreant wight ! what fate did hi. her call thee,  
 To tempt his strength that ha's such power to maul  
 (thee ?  
 How durst thy puling Damsel hither wander  
 What was the talk you by yond hedg did mander ?

*Damsel,*  
 Patience sweet man of might : alas, heaven knowes,  
 We only hither came to gather flows!

And

And bullies two or three, for truth to tell ye,  
 I've long'd six weeks, with them to fill my belly.  
 I'fecks, if you'l believ't, nocht else was meant sure  
 By this our jaunt, which Erants call adventure :

*Gyant,*

Shall I grow meek as babe, when ev'ry Trull is  
 So bold to steal my flows, and pick my bullies ?

*Knight,*

Fear nor, let him storm on, and still grow rougher,  
 Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by snuffer,  
 Canst nere endure a blemish or eclips,  
 From such a hook-nos'd, foul-mouth'd blobber lips :  
 Ere he shall boast he us'd thee thus to his people,  
 I'le see him first hang'd high as any steeple.

*Gyant,*

If I but upward heave my Oaken twig,  
 I'le teach thee play the Tomboy, her the Rig,  
 Within my forrest bounds ; what doth she ail,  
 But she may serve as Cook to dress my Whale ?  
 In this her Damsels tire, and robe of Sarsnet,  
 She shall sowse Bore, fry tripes, and wild hogs bars.

(net,  
*Knight;*

as Haros danc' tol' band' to o'er-mill'd Land  
**Knight,**  
 Monster vile, thou mighty ill-bred Lubber,  
 Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and bluber?  
 Shall Damsel fair (as thou must needs confess her)  
 With Canvas apron, Cook thy meat at Dresser?  
 Shall she that is of soft and pliant meate,  
 (Whose fingers silk would gaul) now scowre a Ket-  
(cl.)

Though not to scuffle given, now I'le thwart thee,  
 Let Blwaze thy daugher serve for shillings-forry.  
 'Tis meeter (I think) such ugly baggages  
 Should in a Kitchin drugg for yearly wages,  
 Then gentle she, who hath been bred so stand  
 Neer Chair of Queen, with Island Stock in hand,  
 At Questions and commands all night to play,  
 And amber Possets eat at break of day;  
 Or score out husbands in the charcole ashes,  
 With Country Knights (not roaring Country  
(Swashes)

Hath been her breeding still, and's more fit far,  
 To play on Virginals and the Gitter,  
 Then Kir a Sea-coal fire, or scum a Cauldron,  
 When thou'rt to break thy salt on a Bulls chaldron.  
Gyars,

*Giant,*

Then I perceive I must lift up my Pole,  
And deal your Love-rich noddle such a dole,  
That every blow shall make so huge a clatter,  
Men ten leagues off shall ask, Ha ! what's the  
matter ?

*Damsel,*

Kind grumbling youth ! I know that thou art able  
And want of breeding makes thee proud to squable ;  
Yet sure thy nature doth compunction mean,  
Though (las !) thy Mother was a sturdy Quean :  
Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,  
But keep thy blustering breath to cool thy broth.

*Knight,*

Whine not my love, his fury straight will quaff him,  
Stand off a while, and see how I'll lambast him.

*Squire,*

Now look to't Knight, this such a desp'rate blade is  
In Gngle he swing'd the valiant Sir Amadis.

*Dwarf,*

Dwarf,

With bow now Cupid shoot the Son of Punk,  
With Crofie bow else, or Peller out of Trunk !

Gyant,

I'le strike thee till thou sink where the abode is,  
Of wights that sneak below, call'd Antipodes.

Emes Merlin,  
My art shall turn this combate to delight,  
They shall unto fantastick musick fight.



SOME Christian people all give ear,  
Unto the grief of us,  
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,  
The which it hapned thus:

And like there befel an accident,  
By fault of a Carpenters Son,  
Who to Saw ships his sharp Axe leane,  
Woe worth the time may Lon. —

May

May London say, We wond' the Carpenter,  
 And all such Block-head fools,  
 Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,  
 For jesting with edg-tools.

For into the ships there fell a spark,  
 Which Put out in such flames,  
 That it was known into Southwark,  
 Which lies beyond the Thames.

For loe the Bridge was wondrous high  
 With water underneath,  
 O're which as many fishes fly,  
 As birds i'rein dorb breake.

And yet the fire consum'd the Bridg,  
 Not far from place of landing,  
 And though the building was full big,  
 It fell down not with standing.

And eke into the water fell,  
 So many Pemmer dishes,  
 That a man might have taken up very well,  
 Both boyl'd and roasted Fishes,

D

And

*And thus the Bridg of London Town,  
For building that was sumptuous,  
Was All by fire Half burnt down,  
For being too consumptious.*

*And thus you have all, but half my Song,  
Pray lift to what comes after;  
For now I have cool'd you with the Fire,  
I'le warm you with the water.*

*I'll tell you what the Rivers name is,  
Where these children did slide-a,  
It was faire Londons swiftest Thames,  
That keeps both time and Tide-a.*

*All on the tenib of January,  
To the wonder of much people,  
T'was frozen o're, that well i'would bear  
Almost a Country Steeple.*

*Three children sliding thereabouts,  
Upon a place too thin,  
That so atlast it did fall out,  
That they did all fall in.*

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,  
 And with the King great wager makes :  
 But when he saw he could not win,  
 He fight, and would have drawnen stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,  
 And laid a hundred pound ;  
 The King said it would break, and so it did,  
 For thre children ther were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his Should-- --  
 Ere stricken, whose name was John,  
 Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,  
 O Lon-a-Lon-a London.

Oh ! tut-tut-turn from thy sinfull race,  
 Thus did his speech decay :  
 I wonder that in such a case,  
 He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, a lack, a lack,  
 The water ran down their throats,  
 And stopt their breaths thre hours by the Clock,  
 Before they could get any Boars.

To Parents all that children have  
 And ye that have none yet ;  
 Preserve your children from the grave,  
 And teach them at home to sit.

For bid these at a Sermon been,  
 Or else upon dry ground,  
 Why then I would never have been seen,  
 If that they had been drown'd,

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,  
 For fear they should goe fro him,  
 So tye your children with severities clogs,  
 Unty'um and you'l undo'um.

God bless our Noble Parliament,  
 And rid them from all fears,  
 God bless all th' Commons of this Land,  
 And God bless some o'th' Peers.

THE



## T H E P I G G.

(1)

I Sing not Reader of the light  
 Twixt Bailiffs and that doughty Knight  
 Sir Ambrose, sung before :  
 Nor of that dismal Counter scuffle,  
 Nor yet of that Pantofle,  
 They say the Virgin wore.

(2)

No Turkey-cock with Pigmyes fray,  
 Or whether then did get the day,  
 Nor yet Tom Coriors shooes ;  
 Nor yet the swine-fac'd Maydens head,  
 Ith' Netherlands they say was bred,  
 Is subje&t of my Muse.

(3)

But in Rhime Doggrill I shall tell,  
 What danger to a Pig besell,

D 3

As

(50)

As I can well rehearse ;  
As true as if the Pig could speak  
On Spit, in Prose would either squeak,  
Or grunt it out in verse.

(4)

A boisterous rout of armed Host  
Just as the Pig was ready rost,  
Rusht in at doors, (God bless us ! )  
The Leader of this Warlike rout,  
Strong men at armes, and Stomack stout,  
I ween, was Captain Bessus.

(5)

They lately had in Scotland been,  
Where they such store of Sows had seen,  
That garr'd them hate their Babbies ;  
And Bessus men neer Norton lay,  
Where Pigs you know on Organs play,  
That once belong'd to abbeys.

(6)

It was a Tithe Pig I confess,  
And so the crime might be no less,  
Then if't a Cassock wore ;

But

But yet in Orders it was nere,  
Nor ever preacht, unless it were  
Ith'cub the night before.

(7)

Nor was it Popishly inclin'd,  
Although by forrest law their kind,

Are taught to use the Ring :  
What though it wore a Scarlet Coat ?  
It nere appear'd ith' Kirk to vote,  
Forther Fine Baby King.

(8)

But right or wrong, such dainty Cates  
Were nere ordain'd for Reprobates,  
The fat o'th earth is theirs ;  
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have  
An heritance, and must inflave  
Malignants, and their Heirs.

(9)

Fall on, fall on, they cry aloud,  
This Pig's of Antichristian brood,  
You'l find we are no dastards ;  
Their teeth so sharp, their stomacks keen  
That Marrios you would them ween,  
Or Wood of Kents own Bastards.

D 4

But

(52)

(10)

But now to tell how from the pawes  
Of th' unlickt Whelps with greedy jawes  
This Pigg escap'd, hereafter ;  
As then our bellies gan to prank it,  
(Thanks to Bessie for that good banquet)  
Will fill your mouth with laughter.

(11)

A sturdy Lassie with courage bold,  
On Pigg, and spit, and all, laid hold,  
And swore she would it rescue ;  
For whether they their teeth did set,  
For anger, or for hunger whet,  
She way'd not that a fescue.

(12)

This brave encounter had you seen,  
You would have sworn she should be Queen  
Of th' Amazons, or Fayries ;  
And if she make good the retreat,  
Her sole prote&ress we'll create  
Of Milk-maids and their Daryes.

Up

(53)

(13)

Up staires she marcheth in a trice,  
And safely convey'd is the Greice  
Into my Ladies chamber ;  
Such holy grounds not trod by those,  
Whose arm-pits, and whose socklesse toes,  
Are not so sweet as amber.

(14)

The Jewes nere eat their paschall Lamb  
In half such hast, as we did cram  
This pig unto our dinners :  
Like Presbyterians we did feed,  
No grace that day our meat did need,  
For that belongs to sinners.

(15)

And when the story of the Pigg  
Was done ; the pettitoes a Jigg,  
Came tripping in at Supper,  
'Twas meat and drink to us to see  
The souldiers by the Jade to be  
Thus thrust besides the crupper.

Q N

ON  
**DOCTOR GILL,**  
Master of  
**PAULS SCHOOL.**

**I**N Pauls Church yard in London,  
There dwells a noble Ferker,  
Take heed you that pass,  
Lest you taste of his Lash ;  
For I have found him a Ferker :  
Still doth he cry,  
Take him up, take him up Sir,  
Untrust with expedition,  
O the Burchin tool  
Which he winds i: h' School,  
Frights worse then an Inquisition;

If that you chance to pass there,  
As doth the man of Blacking,  
He insults like a Purnock,  
O're the prey of the Bristock,

With

*With a whipt Arse sends him packing,  
Still doth, &c.*

*For when this will trus'd Trouncer,  
Into the School doth enter,  
With his Napkin at his Nose,  
And his Orange stuff with Gloves :  
On any Arse he'll vencher,  
Still doth, &c.*

*A French man void of English,  
Enquiring for Pauls Steeple,  
His pardon a Moy,  
He counted a toy,  
For he whips him before all people,  
Still doth, &c.*

*A Welch man once was whipt there,  
Untill he did beshit him,  
His Cuds-Pluttera Nail,  
Could not prevail,  
For he whips the Cambro britain.  
Still doth, &c.*

*A Captain of the Train'd Band,  
Sirnam'd Cornelius Wallis :  
He Whips him so sore,  
Borb behind and before ;  
He nocht his Arse like Tallis,  
Still doib, &c.*

*For a piece of Beefe and Turnips  
Negligged with a Cabbage,  
He took up the Male-Pillion  
Of his bouncing maid Gillian,  
And sowe'd her like a Baggage.  
- Still doib, &c.*

*A Porter came in rudely,  
And disturb'd the humming Concord :  
He tooke up his Froik,  
And paid his Nock,  
And sowe'd him with his own Gord,  
Still doib he cry, &c.*

GILL

## GILL upon GILL :

O R,

*Gills Ass uncas'd, unstrip'd,  
unbound.*

S I R, did you me this Epistle send,  
 Which is so vile and lewdly pen'd ;  
 In which no line I can espy  
 Of sense, or true Orthography,  
 So slovenly it goes,  
 In verse and Prose,  
 For which I must pull down your Hose :  
 O good Sir, then cry'd he,  
 In private let it be,  
 And doe not sauce me openly.

Yes Sir, I'le sauce you openly,  
 Before *Sound* and the company ;  
 And that none at thee may take *beart*,  
 Though thou art *Barcebhour* of *Art* :  
 Though thou hast paid thy Fees  
 For thy Degrees ;

Yet

Yet I will make thy Arse to sneer;  
 And now I doe begin  
 To thresh it on thy skin,  
 For now my hand is in, is in:

First for the *Theams* which thou me sent,  
 Wherein much non-sence thou didst vent ;  
 And for that barbarous piece of Greek,

\* When he  
was Clark  
in Wad-  
bam, and  
being by his  
place to be-  
gin a Psalm  
be flung  
out of  
Church,  
bidding  
the people  
sing to the  
praise and  
Glory of  
God Qui-  
cunque  
vult.  
† He was  
roll'd in a  
Blanket.

For which in *Garsheus* thou didst seek,  
 And for thy faults not few,  
 In tongue Hebrew :  
 For which a Grove of Birch is due ;  
 Therefore me not beseech  
 To pardon now thy breech,  
 For I'le be thy Arse Leach, Arse Leach.

Next for the offence that thou didst give,  
 When as in *Trinity* thou didst live,  
 And hadst thy Arse in *Walham Coll.* mult  
 For bidding sing, \* *Quicunque vult,*

And for thy t Blanketing,  
 And many such a thing,  
 For which thy name in Town doth ring,  
 And none deserves so ill.

To

To hear as bad as Gill,  
Thy name it is a Prove; b still.

Next since thou a Preacher were,  
Thou ventest haft such rascal Geer,  
For which the French men all cry'd fie,  
To hear such Pulpit Ribauldry,

And sorry were to see,  
So worthy a degree,  
So ill to be bestow'd on thee;  
But glad am I to say  
The Masters made thee stay,  
Till thou in \* Quarto didst them pray.

But now remains the vilest thing,  
The Ale house barking 'gainst the K.  
And all his brave and Noble Peers,  
For which thou ventredst for thy ears,

And if thou hadst thy right,  
Cut off they had been quite,  
And thou hadst been a Rogue in sight:  
But though thou mercy finde,  
Yet I'le not be so kinde,  
But I'le jerk thee behind, behind.

*F I N I S -*

*A Knaves  
tongue and  
a Whores  
tail who  
can hold?*

\* He did  
fit four  
times for  
his degree.